

The
Stony
Brook

PRESS

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The University Community's Feature Paper

March 15, 1994



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Let The Seventies Die!

By John Schneider

I refuse to be a part of Generation X: The twenty-something generation, Slackers, Thirteenth Gen. etc... I will not see any film just because it has: Winona Ryder, Johnny Depp, Jennifer Jason Leigh, Canoe Reeves... Nor do I like watching *Melrose Hills*, or any other story of "savvy young people trying to get along in the Recession". The adman cometh and he has found fat Twenty-something sheep to shear. I'm not one of them. So sorry, but bad songs from the seventies as nostalgic as they may be are still bad songs. It's campy to hear them *once* but I wouldn't buy the boxed collection of ABBA under pain of death.

Being twenty-three, I have been stuck in this sickly marketing scheme and am screaming to get out. For the last time, the Bay City Rollers sucked, and so did the Bee Gees, anyone who wants to tell me otherwise can make like a tree and get lost. Speaking of trees, I like recycling as much as any tree-hugging politically correct person, but the present attitude of canonizing anything that was mass marketed in the seventies is pathetic. Apart from the Vietnam War, Watergate and the death of Elvis Presley, I don't hold myself accountable for influencing anything at the time, as I was in grade school through most of it.

Neither do I feel any communal bond to a group of people because we've watched the same reruns. I don't feel any great need to meet with people and gush over Different Strokes nor do I feel I've overlooked the significance of *Welcome Back Kotter* in western society. As with much that has been

dug up from the past, I'd just as soon forget it. You can find some nice things going through garbage, but the majority of what you'll find is (surprise) trash.

So many people now seem to have had this sudden revelation that they are "children of the seventies."

were sent to a questionable therapist.

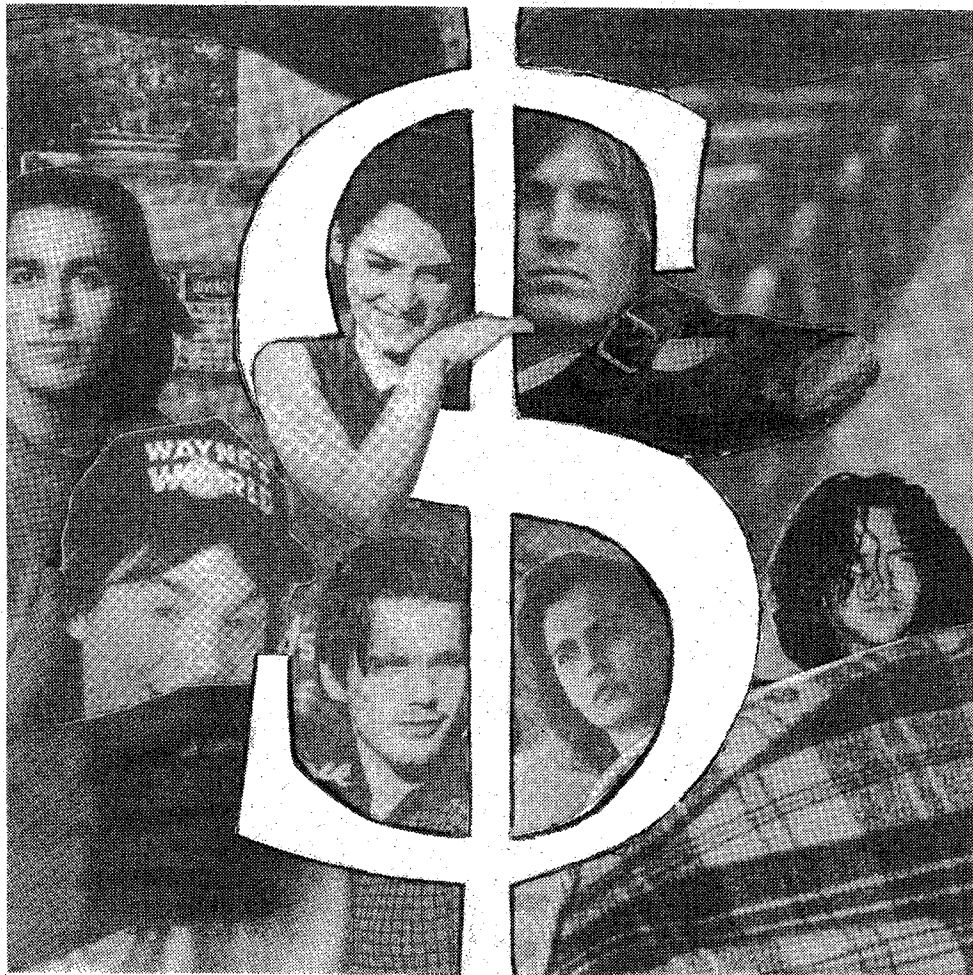
So by now you've guessed I'm a bit unhappy at being labeled as part of a generation that I never took part in. But the point to all this is that I'm tired of being pigeon-holed by someone who wants to sell me something. Particularly when its trapped in nostalgia. Memories are wonderful things, and I'm annoyed when corporate America tries to pull my heart strings to get at my purse strings. The fact that I'm being sold someone else's past is just plain annoying. The least they could do is put some effort in getting my history straight.

Or could it be that I don't have enough income to warrant that effort. After all, the group they've so cleverly earmarked is really on the verge of being thirty (sound at all familiar?) With nice McJobs to help them pay for more movies and products advertised for on television, can't they all afford the MTV lifestyle?

Movies are an interesting way to look at society. Isn't it funny that they've always targeted a generation that got money from part time jobs and Mom and Dad to waste? The twenty somethings are still being chased after. Let's not forget that if they aren't able to obtain the living standards of our parents, at least they were living under their roofs before the bottom fell out. Now that times have gotten worse, even that teen age bracket isn't so rosy and we get more pabulum aimed at people who have money. Plus this time

they don't have to create anything new to sell, they simply shovel the past our way and we're supposed to treat it as if it were high culture.

So what is a Generation X'er? Nothing more than a Yuppie with a bad job. But just as easily exploited.



Upon reflection, it looks as if these were the same people who several years ago were bitching that they missed out, because everything *really* cool happened in the sixties. It's scary to think what perverted childhood memories could be implanted in them if they

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Statesman Approves New By-laws: Allows Part-time Students to Run the Show

By Catherine Krupski

New by-laws of *Statesman*, loosening restrictions for the positions of Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor, were approved by its Editorial Board Sunday night.

Most noticeable among the changes is that the Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor no longer must be full-time students, just members of the University community.

Statesman Editor Richard Cole, who is a part-time student, asserts that the changes were necessary because the previous bylaws conflicted as to eligibility for the two positions.

While Article IV, Section VI, A.1., of the original *Statesman* by-laws, clearly states: "The Editor-in-Chief must be a full-time, matriculated undergraduate at Stony Brook."

Article IV, Section IX is less restrictively worded: "The Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor must be matriculated undergraduate students at SUNY at Stony Brook throughout their term."

Cole does not feel that he is in violation of the previous by-laws because of the conflict. "One part says I have to be a full-time student, one part specifically says I don't have to be a full-time student," says Cole.

"The bottom line is that you must go with the most restrictive [interpretation]," says former *Statesman* Editor-in-Chief David Joachim, "They do not conflict. Any reasonably thinking person would chose the more restrictive guideline."

In defending the changes, Cole remarked, "The fact of the matter is being the Editor-in-Chief of *Statesman* is a full-time job and if you're taking 15 credits or even

12 credits, classes not related to being Editor you'll fail either as Editor or in your classes or both."

"For the last 35 years they did [have full-time students working as Editor-in-Chief] and had no problems," said Joachim.

Cole questions, a full-time student in who's eyes? "As far as Polity is concerned," said Cole. "I am a full-time student because I paid the full-time activity fee. I pay \$70 optionally. According to Polity's Constitution [Amendment XV], those part-time students that opt to pay the full time are considered full-time students in the eyes of Polity."

"... and the Board was aware that I was a part-time student when I was elected into office," said Cole.

In compliance with the previous by-laws, Sunday's meeting was advertised to all *Statesman* members. Every person listed in the staff box is a member.

"There has been an announcement on that door [pointing to a door of the main office of *Statesman*] and every staff member, and even non-voting staff members have been phone called at least once to alert them," said Cole. "So it's a meeting of the whole association, not just the editors."

While it may be true that non-voting staff members were notified, at least one staff member, photographer for *Statesman*, Chris Vacirca claims not to have been notified of the meeting, but just happened to walk in on it.

Other such mistakes could make the new by-laws invalid. Cole, who was elected under the previous by-laws, will still be answerable to them if there are violations noted. If he was in violation of these guidelines, it will be up to Polity to take action.

In order for the new bylaws to be legitimate, the *Statesman* Editorial Board would have to have Cole out of office as Editor, redo the by-laws and then re-elect him, according to Polity President Jerry Canada.

"Do we want a part-time student running the paper?" Canada asked. "It's not in the best interests of students on campus."

Student Affairs will not react to the situation. "It is actionable by Polity, not a violation of University policy," said Fred Preston, Vice President of Student Affairs. "It is a violation of Polity funding thereof. My guess is that when Polity chose to fund *Statesman*, there was a specific understanding of who they were . . . If it says they aren't what they should be, they can be anything they want."

Preston went on to say that Administration would not act unless asked by Polity. Otherwise, they would be "taking power away from students."

"Theoretically, the Editor can do what ever he/she wants as president," said Joachim, "but is answerable to the board, just as Clinton is answerable to the legislature."

Waiting for the *Statesman*'s Editorial Board to question Cole may not happen since only one editor abstained from approving the new by-laws. Aside from the Editorial Board, only Polity can question violations of the old by-laws, if this is the case, he is not legally the Editor. The new by-laws are then invalid.

"Wait until I graduate," said Cole. "Then the University will have no control over me and then they will feel a thorn in their side."

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Where Do We Draw The Line?

By B.G. Bey

Where do we draw the line? is a popular phrase used to question actions that may need to be acted upon. Many lines have been drawn in this calendar year of 1994 for so called 'black leadership.' Negroes such as Khalid Muhammad have been put in check by their own peers, or by said 'others' at a record pace. I do not need to join in on the present rhetoric and condemn these *leaders* because of their present actions. I will deal with the causes for their behavior.

Where did our present leaders come from? Who voted for who? Louis Farrakhan and Khalid Muhammad descended from the Nation of Islam under Elijah Muhammad. Jesse Jackson and other mainstream black leaders came from the Christian model of such organizations as the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and likewise. Some research into the 1960s will give a better background on the origins of present leadership. My point is that these people descended from certain schools of thought from a past decade. Educationally, these individuals probably

attended colleges, joined student groups such as fraternities, thus gaining some sort of identity. Even those that benefited from social programs were also heirs to a better standard of living and higher access to opportunity (i.e. equal opportunity, affirmative action, quotas).

After the assassinations of many spokesmen for black rights, something began to happen. These deaths served as a barometer to how far one could go before something happened. Certain issues will not to be dwelled upon. Even today, it is fine to repeat the teachings of the man they referred to as Malcolm X because it is not the least bit original. The black youth of today are for the most part sound biting imitations of past years. Watch television and listen to what an individual says, then associate it to a movie, book, or music video. The angry black man, or the systematic opportunist that cooperates with the hassle until he reaches the *higher stations of life*. Negroes became aware of how politics worked and that it may be safer to channel their energies in other ways. They became teachers, judges, college professors, and professionals determined to *make change within the system*.

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The worst is yet to come

Richard Cole is beginning to show his true colors. He wasn't legitimately elected as the Editor of *Statesman*, so he jumped all over the opportunity to change the rules to fit his agenda and find a loophole to challenge his student status.

Cole supports the freedom of (his) speech, part of the foundation of this country, but he doesn't support the foundation of the organization which he leads.

He says there is a conflict between the two by-laws. "Conflict" is an exaggerated description of the by-laws. Actually, one defines the requirements for Editor and another is just more restrictive. He couldn't fit one status, so he assumed the other. Just to further cover his ass, he paid the full student activity fee.

The fact that he can't support the guidelines demonstrates his callous disrespect for the publication. Working for a publication is a lot of work that needs to be done by many people. Usually the policy is "if it isn't done, then the person who has the time should do it."

Hypothetically, he is free from the burden of full-time status. He is then able to actually find some news for that hurtin' paper. If not a whole news story, then at least do some research to back his views in his warped column. If not research, then at least proof-read his own column.

He does say that in Polity's

eyes, he is a full-time student. This man finds more loopholes than Ivan Boesky. At least the latter did get caught.

If Polity or Student Affairs step in, *Statesman* could be punished. Perhaps there will be no funding or office space for them next year. But that is next year, when Cole is gone.

There must be action now, not to silence his column, but to get him out the driver's seat. This action must be taken preferably by the Editorial Board. It is amazing to see the Editorial Board, group of intelligent students and student leaders in their own right, actually approve what this man says and does.

If they don't realize how screwed over they will be next year, grow a backbone and dethrone him, what is the point of Polity or Administration stepping in? If either of those entities step in and force a change, a puppet will take charge and Cole will run the paper anyway. God forbid their advertisers stop advertising in the "Ad rag," because then they will have to fill their paper with something and there are way too many columns in there already. It's obvious getting a news story is too much to ask.

Cole boasts that he was told by professors that the paper is interesting now, but so is road-kill. Of course it is interesting see an obvious flagrant abuse of editorial powers, campus media

and students' money, but that is beside the point.

At its journalistic height, *Statesman* was the newspaper to turn to for news. It has not only fell through the floor, but is on its way to the fiery pits of hell.

It is obvious that once he finally does suck the life blood from it or graduate, he will just move on to find more prey. He doesn't care about the years of work that went in to make the paper what it was. He doesn't care to keep up the tradition of the paper, i.e. **news** stories. It is good to change things **for the better**. Unfortunately, quite the opposite has happened here. It has been reduced to a mere bull horn for his demented thoughts.

Even if he does graduate, he may not necessarily leave. He has threatened that once he does graduate, the university will have no control over him and will then feel a thorn in their side. Usually seniors are dying to get out of Stony Brook. This clearly shows a spiteful and bitter person.

He has it made to the top and he will do whatever he can to stay where he is, even if it means changing the rules. Cole's actions, though silent, are screaming and that's just what is on the surface.

What's next on Ole King Cole's agenda? Holding an "emergency editorial meeting" and firing some one in their absence? Isn't that how fascism works, behind closed doors? Stay tuned!

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Pogo-stick Naked

Letters

Our Country, Right or Wrong

Dear Stony Brook Press:

I recently noticed a viewpoint on U.S.-Japanese trade relations in the *Press*. While I'm sure that there's much validity in the charge of unfairness in Japanese trade policies, I wonder how many people know the history of trade between the two countries.

Before the mid-nineteenth century, Japan was a feudal society, closed to the outside world. It neither admitted foreigners nor allowed its own people out. An expansionist U.S., just fresh out of Manifest Destiny on this continent, sought new markets. The government sent one Admiral Perry to "open" Japan for trade. He did this in true American fashion, by sailing into Tokyo Bay with navy ships and telling the Emperor (in the politest terms possible, I'm sure) that if trade weren't allowed, he'd be back with more ships, a vanguard of the famous "gunboat diplomacy" employed by the U.S. mainly in this hemisphere. I believe Perry also visited China and the Philippines on this voyage, with the same mission of extending U.S. "interests".

After the visit of what's known in Japanese history as the "Black Ship," Japan changed. The Meiji emperor saw that if Japan were to avoid being carved up and subjugated as China was, they had to westernize, i.e., to industrialize and become an aggressive, expansionist state, just like the western powers. Indeed, without Perry's visit, it's conceivable that there'd have been no Japanese Empire and at least part of World War II

might not have happened.

Post World War II, the U.S. has courted and placated Japan, as it is one of the few "stable" (capitalistic and unlikely to undergo significant political upheaval) countries in East Asia and the U.S. needs a stable place for its military bases and installations.

And of course, there's always the unsavory behavior of U.S. companies in Latin America, the Middle East and other Third World nations, often reinforced with CIA and/or military power.

It's ironic how misdeeds can backfire on those who perpetrate them. Certainly the trade imbalance is only one example. Racial tensions, environmental crisis and rotting of the infrastructure are some of the other bitter fruits of imperialism. Who knows what others are yet to blossom?

Sincerely,
Chris Sorochin

P.S. I have also enclosed a brief piece from a collection of Mark Twain's unpublished writings called *Letters from the Earth* in which Twain criticizes Theodore Roosevelt's invasion of the Philippines. Its sentiment, unfortunately, still applies today.

"I pray you to pause and consider. Against our traditions we are now entering upon an unjust and trivial war, a war against a helpless people, and for a base object—robbery. At first our citizens spoke out against this thing, by an impulse natural to their training. Today

they have turned, and their voice is the other way. What caused the change? Merely a politician's trick—a high-sounding phrase, a blood-stirring phrase which turned their uncritical heads: *Our Country*, right or wrong! An empty phrase, a silly phrase. It was shouted by every newspaper, it was thundered from the pulpit, the Superintendent of Public Instruction placarded it in every schoolhouse in the land, the War Department inscribed it upon the flag. And every man who failed to shout it or who was silent, was proclaimed a traitor—none but those others were patriots. To be a patriot, one had to say, and keep on saying, "Our Country, right or wrong," and urge on the little war. Have you not perceived that that phrase is an insult to the nation?"

The Press

welcomes your viewpoints and letters.

Submissions should be no longer than 1000 and 500 words, respectively.

Handwritten submissions will sit in the hall with the rest of our "recycled" materials.

Along the Color Line:

The Politics of Identity

Part one of a two-part series
By Dr. Manning Marable

In recent years, a debate has erupted in political and academic circles over the question of "identity." For example, a central factor in the appeal of Louis Farrakhan to many African-Americans is his emphasis on self-respect, racial pride and cultural awareness. As reported in *Time* magazine last month, two-thirds of all blacks polled viewed Farrakhan favorably; 63 percent stated that he "speaks the truth," with more than half declaring that he is an effective and positive "role model for black youth." By contrast, only 34 percent of all African-Americans polled termed Farrakhan "a bigot and a racist," with barely one-fifth calling the Muslim leader "an anti-Semite." Whites and especially American Jews who look at these opinion poll figures are amazed and outraged, and charge that the black community's search for a positive identity and self-respect has descended down the slippery slope of hatred and bigotry.

Before we can discuss the cultural and economic factors behind Farrakhan's resurgent popularity and the rise of what I would term "black racial fundamentalism" in the 1990s, we need to explore in general the complex relationship between "identities" and social change. By "identity," I mean the manner in which we come to understand who we are as human beings within any society, and how we are perceived by others. Our "identity" announces to the world who we are, and what we seek to become. And in this sense, identity is simultaneously "self-constructed" from within, and "defined from without" or imposed on us by our

physical appearance or behavior.

Identities are always multiple: we are all defined by more than one factor. A woman's identity may be expressed simultaneously through the prism of her gender, sexual orientation, race, religion, ethnicity, language, class background, and political beliefs—just to name a short list of factors. All of us are many things simultaneously. To be lesbian and gay or heterosexual, a person within a spiritual or faith community vs. an atheist, a radical or a conservative—are distinctions which are subtle rather than absolute.

Identity is always conjunctural, situational and contextual. A person with a particular set of political beliefs, in one situation will behave very differently in another place and time. African-Americans in the rural South in the early 1950s, for example, were described as culturally conservative and content with the status quo of Jim Crow segregation. They were non-radical and non-threatening. Then Rosa Parks refused to budge from her seat on a Montgomery bus, and Dr. King rose to challenge the inhumanity of racial segregation. The supposedly "conservative" black working class and poor people of yesterday had become the "militants" of today. In South Africa, the political personality of the black masses under apartheid was supposedly docile and subdued after the repression of the Sharpeville Massacre and the outlawing of the African National Congress three decades black trade union militancy in the 1980s, and finally, political victory and democracy in the 1990s. The spirit of resistance may be nourished within the soul of a people, even under the most difficult times.

Identities are related to the structure of power, privilege, status and the patterns of ownership within a soci-

ety. For those who exercise power of effective control within a society, their images or identities are highly praised and valued. Their cultural symbols or images are represented everywhere, from the engravings on their money to the artworks in their museums, from the photographs in newspapers and textbooks to the spiritual symbols placed above the altars in our churches. For those without power, and for those whose labor power is exploited, their identities are denigrated, ignored or devalued. In Brazil, they use the expression, "Money lightens the skin." "Blackness" is in this context not a function of color, genetics or biological heritage, but instead, is primarily defined by one's access to money, property, and power.

In the U.S., "blackness" should be understood not as an absolute condition but a relative term. Clarence Thomas is racially black, in terms of his physical appearance. But in terms of his political ideology, his opposition to affirmative action and civil rights, his cultural backwardness and slavish loyalty to white power, he is arguably the "whitest" man in America. Conversely, John Brown, the radical white abolitionist of the nineteenth century, or radical historian Herbert Aptheker, were and are "blacker" than Clarence Thomas will ever be. The challenge of the oppressed is to project a positive, constructive identity of themselves, in order to build the human foundations essential for resistance.

Dr. Manning Marable is professor of History and Political Science, and Director of the African American Studies Institute at Columbia University, New York City. "Along the Color Line" appears in over 250 publications and is broadcast by 75 radio stations internationally.

Nobody's Innocent

By Joseph Perry

I'm writing in response to Armon S. Cumming's article that appeared in the Thursday March 3, 1994 edition of *Statesman*. Armon, your article is not "The Remedy for Racial Propaganda," (which was the title of your piece), on the contrary it is propaganda.

Is "the white man" solely responsible for the large scale slavery that was in America? Sorry, Charlie. Yes, in the 14th century Henry the Navigator went to the west coast of Africa and raped, pillaged and captured dozens of Africans, but by the 1600's Africans were selling their own race of people for slavery. Consider this passage from *Black Man's Burden* by E.D. Morel, "... kidnapping raids conducted by whitemen in the immediate neighborhood of the coastline were quite insufficient... Tribe was bribed to fight tribe, community to raid community. To every Native chief, as to every one of his subjects, was held out the prospect gain at the expense of his neighbor."

Black men, for the love of money, captured other Africans in "regions where the face of the white man was never seen." The "news of the attractive merchandise from Europe and the wealth being amassed by the tribes on the west coast filtered back to the interior of the continent. In the 16th century a powerful nation, the Zimbabwes, began moving westward from central Africa. They were warriors, and easily conquered the people on the coast from Ghana to Cameroon... The transport of the captives of tribes like the Zimbabwes was an incessant system of shackled prisoners, over distances extending hundreds of miles... It was estimated that 30% of the captives perished before reaching the coast, where exhausted and emaciated survivors were crowded like cattle..."

Slavery in America was, compared to previous examples around the world, the most inhumane. But is any slavery humane? Africans were the first people on the planet and had civilizations before and greater than any white culture. By the same token, they owned white slaves before any-

thing that resembled the U.S. existed. By looking at Egyptian art one can tell those great people were black, no doubt. By looking at *The Culture of Ancient Egypt*, by F.G. Kay that, "... many Hebrews were taken as captive slaves, most of them were carried off to work on the mighty monuments, under the rule of the Pharaohs Seti I and Ramses II.

When Cummings stated that "white men throughout history have acted like uncivilized children," did he mean to include Frederick Douglass' mentor, Lloyd Garrison? the group of men that followed John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry, that was made of both black and white men? (*The American Nation*, pg. 405.)

Also in Cumming's article, it was stated, "The white race has killed... Jews, Christians and other Europeans in enormous quantities." If Jews, Christians and Europeans are not "The White Race" Cummings is speaking of, then WHO IS THE "WHITE MAN" according to Cummings? This proves that slavery, just like war and disease does not discriminate. Just as the "white race" has killed Europeans and enslaved blacks, the Zimbabwes killed 30% of the Africans they captured and the black empire of Egypt enslaved Hebrews.

At this point I would like to answer the questions that Cummings proposed at the end of his piece.

Why should African Americans pledge allegiance to the flag? Because one is not pledging to the confederate flag, one is pledging to the principle, that All Men Are Equal. Just because T.J. (as Professor Nelson likes to call him) was an insane hypocrite does not mean that the concept of "All Men are Created Equal" lacks truth. Consider when Frederick Douglass said, in the late 1840s: "To establish justice, insure domestic Tranquillity...and secure the Blessings of Liberty," as its preamble states, "could not well have been designed at the same time to maintain and perpetuate a system of rapine and murder like slavery." (*The American Nation*, pg. 301.)

What does the Statue of Liberty represent? Clue: the

answer is in the name, genius.

Where were the whites prior to the tenth century? Simple, among many Greeks that settled in Egypt between 262 BC and 249 BC, Kleon the Greek engineer developed and improved the irrigation systems of the Nile. It would also be good to note that in the latter half of the third century documents show offspring of mixed marriages bearing two names, one Greek and one Egyptian. The phenomenon of mixed marriages between Greeks and Egyptians is wide spread thereafter. (*Greeks in Ptolemaic Egypt*, Lewis, PG. 28)

Why aren't we taught about the Edomites, etc.? Well how come we are not taught about the African Zimbabwe Tribe? or men like Lloyd Garrison?

Why do white people sun tan and at the same time dislike people who have natural color? Usually when I see members of the K.K.K. or the Neo-Nazis on Geraldo or Rikki Lake, they are not well tanned. Myself, I get a tan because I was told I look cute with one, and see Mr. Cummings, I hate no one.

Why do so many rock groups use the symbols and lyrics of Satan? Well, why do so many rap groups use the symbols of violence and crime? For instance P.E.'s symbol of a policeman in a target of a gun? Every other Rap artist is a "gansta" who talks down to women. For instance Dr. Dre's "Bitches ain't shit but ho's and trix..."

Finally I can answer the last question Cummings proposed, When Armageddon starts, who is going to represent the righteous? I'll tell you who, the ones who will represent the righteous are the good Samaritans, the good citizens who pay their taxes and who contribute to the community, the people who abide by social and legal laws will represent the righteous.

I advise you, Armon, to check for yourself (the references are included for that purpose.) I would also like to give a shout out to Black World and say if "keep whitey out" is slang for "do good on your exams," then "keep blackie out" is slang for do good on your term papers.

Spring is almost here...

I can smell the delicate crocuses, the fresh mud waiting to burst out into green
grass, the nascent cherry blossoms—

and the ripe armpits of the fat kid who did not use deodorant all winter.

Yes, there is always something to inspire a person—act on your impulses!

Can you smell new love, or a relationship gone sour?

Can you see with your third eye?

Can you hear the music no one else can hear?

Can you feel the hand of God on your shoulder?

Can you taste the excitement and idealism of youth, the blood of revolution?

Then maybe you have schizophrenic delusions OR you should consider writing for

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"Every Existence Would Exist Is Thee"

By Michelle Busse

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No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere;
I see Heaven's glories shine
And Faith shines equal arming me from fear...

Wide wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears...

Though Earth and moon were gone
And sun and universes ceased to be
And thou were left alone
Every existence would exist in thee.

Emily Bronte

Allow me to intervene upon the usual strenuous flow of the calendar to engage in one awareness towards the hoisted podium one sex is standing proudly upon this month. However, I am left pondering, even now, why only the month of March is solely devoted to Women's History. Are we not to celebrate the transcendence of gender barriers every day of the year? It may seem that while our campus community is ritualizing the concept of individual diversity, we are setting aside the honoring of the vitality, spirit and endurance of the woman's soul and being.

When Emily Bronte wrote "No Coward Soul Is Mine," she set out to deliver a message to a society that was indisposed to give credit to the female gender. Victorian society set out to confine a woman by defining a limited role for her well-being and virtual existence. Although she was given a limited vision of opportunity, her security was considered a favorable circumstance. And who better to provide this than a man within the sanctuary of matrimony? A few resourceful women chose poetry as an outlet. Emily Bronte saw her words as an evolution of "change" to: "sustain" the dignity of women, "dissolve" their preconceived images of men, vanity and selfishness, "create" a stronger ideal of independence, and "rear" a sex to solely vanquish and surpass the decadent standards of dominance fostered through ignorance.

For Emily Bronte, a woman's existence rests within herself: a mutual dependence between that visualized life within herself and a source of power to be drawn upon when needed. The mind was felt to be capable of apprehending what was considered outside one's perception—mainly, "Fear." To believe in the individual power of the female mind and the insight a woman could perceive allowed her to transcend the apprehensions blinding her vision on the road to virtual "Existence."

In 1852 G.H. Lewes wrote "of all departments of literature, fiction is the one to which, by nature and by circumstance, women are best adapted . . . the domestic experience . . . finds an appropriate form in novels." Personally, although he wrote this 142 years ago, I would traverse the limitations of time to encounter Mr. Lewes and recant the tribulations women, as a unified coalition, have achieved. In a sense, I have envisioned a woman crying on the shoulder of another woman at the presence of indignities in our world yesterday, today and tomorrow. Nonetheless, their opposite shoulders are aligned with another woman's to form a comradeship of concern and a voice to overcome what was once considered the subservient being.

I consider the potential of a united effort to be more powerful than ever. We are educated women, women who are born leaders and not followers. We celebrate an array of diverse cultures that allow us to initiate change in all societies of the world. Although tradition may prevent some women from experiencing a "rebirth" of existence, every day we enter their lives, sometimes in ways which seem trivial to us. There is no telling how great of an impact a woman doctor can have on a young girl in a remote African nation or a woman teacher can have upon a young peasant girl struggling to aspire in Guatemala. The hopes of these two women and countless others are similar: they strive to provide models of determination, envisioned within themselves, to illuminate the isolated regions of existence that endure in our age.

I am tired of hearing the debates and ensuing arguments that all evil and mischiefs can be traced to the lineage of Eve, the illusionary instigator of vice and betrayal in our world today. Let us all remember that a woman fosters the breath of life. Her milk is life—a source of nourishment and sustenance for children born every day. Her milk is the current, the stream of life, the strength that many of us worship as the sole resource of vitality and new beginnings.

At times, being a woman feels like retaining a concealed secret—an enigmatical leap into regions untested. In my photography class, for example, one of our assignments was to submit slides depicting "The World I Live In." One of my classmates, Tina, shared personal insight into an indomitable mind I feel is like many around me, though undisclosed. The picture depicted a woman outdoors, sternly posed, glancing off to the side, with a stick positioned at her side to retain balance. Beside her, kneeling, was a bound and gagged man. His facial expressions displayed surprise and anxiety. The student explained the significance of the context of the picture. In her opinion, men had caused the state of deterioration encompassing this country, both politically and morally. It was now up to the influence and pressure of women to transpose and temper the conditions of our country. I will never forget this image; perhaps because I have immortalized the scene as one of possible substance and not a fleeting illusion.

I wish to celebrate womanhood and the ideals of femininity. I am not attacking the male gender but instead isolating the female gender to invoke a celebration of "Existence," something we have strove to verify and substantiate. When I asked my friend Doug what being a woman might mean to him, he responded by telling me that he envisioned a sense of "strength, because of everything they have had to overcome and continue to surmount and overcome." Even though the woman's voice has become audible to a wider range of society and, at times, more blatant and ostentatious, this becomes demanded because society dictates this sort of response or conduct. As Doug put it simply, "a voice continues to be needed because a woman confronts an obstacle every day of her life." In my eyes, he is correct and has fostered an attitude many have simply not confronted honestly nor cultivated within their minds. Perhaps it takes a personal experience to gain this attitude. However, why must some of us wait for this to happen? One must simply initiate a change in their own thinking—one that will "change, sustain, dissolve, create and rear."

It is a cherished opportunity for me to celebrate my womanhood and that of women past, present and future this month. Every woman must remember that they behold no soul of cowardice but instead retain as insight to draw strength from within themselves. We have hardened to meet head on the identity of who exactly we must and should be. Let us hope that we will be able, one day, to decide for ourselves, without interference of "Fear," our own "Existence" as it "Exist in Thee."

Prologue of a Daughter

Showered by threads of despair
a lone woman is left;
Inheritor of a world marred,
Defaced by contests of power only
She could shake her head in disdain at.

Visualize...
Alas an island becomes a realm
where a woman has become oneself,
Fulfilled of a desire,
Will and power to fabricate others
As individuals sans fault.

Vivid...
Life was once an insubstantial pageant,
containing an aura of dreams within an
Evolving aura of blackness—going nowhere;
Wisdom, once thought only within a man,
Becomes unleashed, disengaged of vengeance,
Redirected towards the voice of a woman.

Empowered...
Alongside the thundering voice of the
Imaginative unknown,
A woman sets out to unearth ourselves where
No man is within his own facet of existence.
Human-kind redeemed, the jewel once petrified
Becomes the jewel of the world.

Rebirth...
A daughter, we set our eyes upon as a symbol
of original virtue—One to mend the work of
Destruction she has witnessed;
Beyond, she is one to rejuvenate a further
order of life,
Bequeathed through an eradication of the past.
Alas the scheme becomes one of regeneration as
the tragic errors capitulate.
The flaw rests in not being able to
Recognize the worth of a woman's existence;
For time, when not allowed to ripen,
Can only create, rather than unfold,
Error.

True...
As women, we will take no recourse within
your absence;
Our dreams remain intact—like myths of
Gods beneath an underworld sea,
Remaining buried within an abyss of shelter.

Existence...
One beheld that poetry itself holds,
In its very reserve, its stillness,
A Myriad of radiation;
Upon this a manipulation of dreams may exist,
In which a conveyance for true moral
Existence is duly pressed.
Man and woman do not become their
True selves through the art of Nature alone,
But through the Art of Nurturing.

Heed...
"I cannot be Mine own, nor anything to any, if I be
not thine"

-Shakespeare

Let us not become victims of the misdirected
course of consequence...

—Michelle Busse

From the darkest reaches
of the infernal abyss,
The Stony Brook Press
presents...

Arcane Answers

(an advice column of diabolic origin)

Dear Azazel,

I am sitting in purgatory atoning for my sins as I write this letter to you. I have realized that I will not go to heaven if I do not stop mistreating women during sexual intercourse. After beating myself in the head repeatedly I have decided to make a concentrated effort to change my behavior. However, I am not quite sure how to go about it. I think that regular exercise will control and discipline my body. Physical activity, like social dance or martial arts, will train me to become conscious about my movements and how to express my passion appropriately. I think this is essential to proper love-making so that both parties can enjoy themselves while giving pleasure and creating art. What do you think?

-A Sensitive Artist

Sensitive;

I think you should go back to beating yourself in the head. Who the hell do you people think I am, Dr. Ruth? I don't mind answering a few relationship oriented letters, but I don't like the recent trend your submissions have taken. If I want to read about sexual dysfunction I'll turn to Anne Rice. The above mentions passion and expression but reads like it was writ-

ten by an autistic stenographer. I can't believe that with all the stimulating issues



breaking all over campus I get letters oozing with a philosophical genre I thought reserved to Beavis and Butthead.

I also can't believe there is really someone out there dumb enough to solicit advice from me as to how they can get to heaven. No wonder you're having problems, Einstein. Check my picture again; see those pointy things atop my head? They're called horns. Do you know what they mean? They mean I'm no guardian angel!

I know there are many who assume that I write these letters myself but I assure you, I do not. In fact, I am dependent upon you, the readers, to continually supply me with usable material. Indeed, I now implore you: give me the good stuff I don't wish to tell you what to write, but send the sex literature somewhere where they can print pictures with it.

-Azazel

Please send all correspondence to
The Stony Brook Press
Room 060 & 061 Student Union
Stony Brook New York 11794-2790

Crash Testing God Shuffled His Feet

"So what did you think about it?"

"I don't know, I think I liked it."

How many times have you heard that response to the question of "What did you think of the new *blank* album." We've heard it too many times, so we decided to do a review together, and answer all those questions you want to ask the reviewer. So for the rest of the review (which was conducted over the phone), what I say will be headed with a T, and what Scott will say will be headed by an S (extremely scientific, huh?)

T: What did you think of the Crash Test Dummies *God Shuffled His Feet*?

S: It was good. That guy has the deepest voice in the world.

T: He does. It's so deep he makes Barry White

sound like Chris Cornell. It's a vocal vibrator, like leaning against a washing machine when it's running, very exciting.

S: Yeah, I've heard people have reached orgasm when he sings while sitting on the speakers.

T: Unfortunately, his voice doesn't go with his body. No one in the band even looks like they belong in a band, they look like a bunch of philosophy T.A.'s.

S: He looks like a cross between Frank Zappa and Jiminy Cricket, without the goatee and the umbrella.

T: Also part Anthony Keidis (from Red Hot Chili Peppers) and Stevie Ray Vaughan, without the tattoos and the cowboy hat.

S: Why did they ask all those questions? Like 'how does a duck know'?

T: I think it has something to do with their looking like philosophy students. All those stupid questions that you really don't want answers to anyway. The rest of the lyrics are messed up too. This album contains the word 'pajamas' more often than any Dr. Seuss book.

S: Plus he manages to throw in a 'nomenclature', 'Sartre' and even 'lurch', not the guy from the Addams' family, but the verb.

T: All the lyrics on the album can be summed up in something that he sings on the first song, the title track. 'Is that a parable or a very subtle joke?'

S: That's it exactly. This guy has too much free time on his hands. Either that, or he is drunk all the time.

T: Probably on tequila or ouzo. These lyrics aren't a vodka or a whiskey drunk.

S: No then the lyrics would be more like Motley Crue or Warrant.

T: Yeech, I don't think the world is ready for 'Cherry Pie Part Two'.

S: It's the kind of music you'd listen to on

Sunday after a long Saturday hangover, or while studying EGL 206.

T: Sort of Beatle-esque or Rod Stewart with a penis and a brain.

S: Also they are the most unsexual lyrics I've ever heard.

T: Not one reference to the horizontal hokey-pokey, or any sort of phallic symbolism whatsoever.

Usually music this good is conducive to good sex, but not this album, I've tried.

T: It's not like a good Prince album, where he wrote the songs while having sex and worked out the funky lick on her buttocks.

S: No nothing even close to that. But still a great album that gets better and better after each listen. It ends even stronger than it begins with "When I Go Out With Artists," "The Psychic" and "Two Knights and a Maiden."

T: Unfortunately that's the only part we disagree on. I think the album starts very strong with "God Shuffled His Feet," "Afternoons & Coffeespoons" and "MMM MMM MMM MMM" (one of the best song titles ever), but never again hits that high, but stays strong throughout.

S: So we give 4 1/2 stars out of five?

T: Not stars, that's too blasé.

S: OK. 4 1/2 tequila juiced philosophy majors.

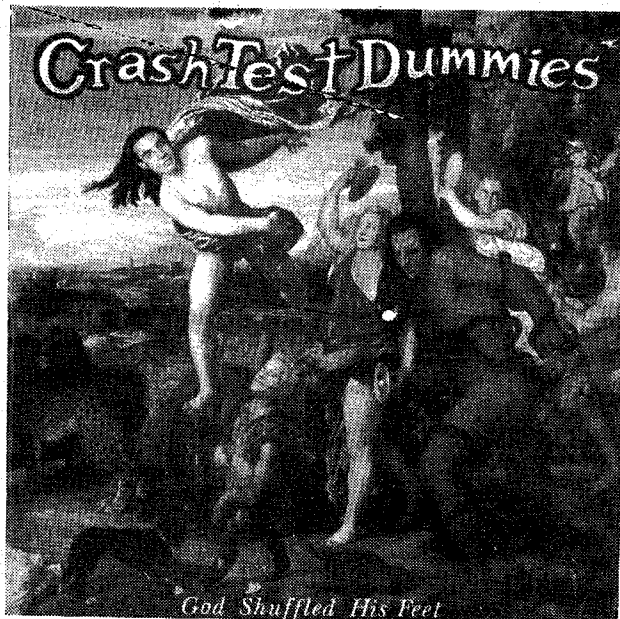
T: That's better. So next week Soundgarden's *Superunknown*?

S: OK. Oh, today in class I saw the best ass...

T: So, I saw the greatest legs in the library...

...the rest of the conversation was about the indigenous wildlife on campus and doesn't pertain to the review. If you think this review was exciting, wait till the next time we will do the review in Morse code, or maybe even semaphore.

—Ted Swedalla and Scott J. Lusby





**MURDER
DEATH
KILL**

**MEETINGS EVERY
STUDENT**

**STONY
BROOK
PRESS**

**WEDNESDAY, 1 P.M.
UNION, 060**

Sherlock Holmes Missing Presumed Dead!

By Joseph-Peter Savitski



The Canary Trainer
By Nicholas Meyer

In *The Canary Trainer*, Nicholas Meyer poses an interesting question: What if Sherlock Holmes undertook a case in which his adversary was the Phantom of the Opera? The answer to this is even more intriguing and deftly delivered by Meyer.

The story line takes place shortly after Holmes' climactic battle with his arch enemy, Professor Moriarty, a duel in which Moriarty was killed and Holmes was presumed dead. Traveling incognito, he arrives in Paris and is employed by the Paris Opera House as an orchestra violinist. He soon discovers the Opera House is home not only to beautiful music, but a demented genius

with an obsession for a talented young singer named Christine Daae. When the obsession turns deadly, Holmes begins an investigation to protect Christine and uncovers a nefarious plot to not only possess Christine forever, but to destroy the Opera House and bring death to those in it.

Nicholas Meyer is best known for *The Seven Per Cent Solution*, another Sherlock Holmes mystery, and displays a better grasp of the character than in his previous effort. He is also clever enough to portray the Phantom as his creator Gaston Leroux had envisioned, not as a tormented young man but a person driven dangerously insane by disfigurement and unrequited love. Although the idea of Sherlock Holmes matching wits with the Phantom of the Opera could sell the novel, Meyer is talented enough to deftly deliver a smoothly paced and well written story to accompany his concept. Also contributing to the enjoyable plot is the appearance of Irene Alder, a mysterious beauty from Holmes' past and much his equal who assists him in tracking down the Phantom.

The Canary Trainer is a novel tailor-made to be enjoyed by Sherlock Holmes aficionados, but any reader who enjoys a good mystery can appreciate the novel's fine qualities. Nicholas Meyer is reportedly planning a third Sherlock Holmes novel, so readers can look forward to another excellent tale featuring literature's greatest detective.

News From The Shelf

By Joseph-Peter Savitski

Ann Rice fans have much to look forward to this year. Not only are three of her best selling novels; *Interview with the Vampire*, *The Witching Hour*, and *Exit to Eden*, being turned into big-budget films, but a new Vampire Chronicles novel is now being readied for publication. The fifth book in the enormously popular series, entitled *A Dark and Secret Place*, is scheduled for release in late October.

Channel 13 viewers will have to wait to view the latest installment of the Inspector Morse series, based on the mystery novels by Colin Dexter. The shows were to have originally aired in March and were expected to finally provide answers to Morse's mysterious past, but the station has delayed airing the series until summer. But mystery lovers will have plenty to occupy themselves until then. Sue Grafton's latest mystery *K is for Killer* will arrive in stores in May, as will Mary Higgins Clark's new thriller *Remember Me*. Regan Reilly returns in Carol Higgins Clark's third novel *Iced*, and *Playing With Ashes*, by Elizabeth George is set to be released in August.

The Chamber, John Grisham's highly anticipated courtroom thriller is now scheduled for a Memorial Day release. Those who wish to get a glimpse of the film adaptation, directed by Ron Howard, can see the coming attractions playing before another adaptation of a Grisham novel, *The Client*, due to be released theatrically in June.

Even Deeper: 20,000 Leagues Restored and Uncut

By Joseph-Peter Savitski

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea:
The Restored and Uncut Edition

By Jules Verne

Retranslated by Walter James Miller and Frederick Paul Walter

For over a century, English readers have known only a sad imitation of Jules Verne's classic novel. Originally published in French, it was woefully mistranslated into English by Louis Mercer in 1873 leading to many plot and scientific inaccuracies in the English text. Even worse, Mercer edited out over a quarter of Verne's story line, so readers were presented with only 75% of the original plot.

Fortunately, the restored novel retranslated by Walter James Miller and Frederick Paul Walter corrects these errors and gives readers a chance to experience the novel as Jules Verne had intended. The hundreds of inaccuracies that formerly plagued the English text are corrected, and display the foresight of the author who with uncanny accuracy predicted modern developments that have occurred in space travel and underwater research. More importantly, the recovered material originally excised gives added depth to the characters, most notably in Captain Nemo, who is shown more as a romantic hero and less of a revenge craving madman.

Those who enjoyed the novel in its previous format will undoubtedly wish to read the corrected version, and may find themselves feeling as if they are reading the work for the first time. Readers who have not yet encountered the novel may wish to read the new version and become acquainted with a worthy rendition of a classic science fiction tale.

Bad Dreams

part one

I have,
this recurring nightmare
that I'm,
pulling out my pubic hair
bit by bit, with a set of needle-nose pliers;
when Augusto Pinochet
materializes
and says "Hey, wait a minute, that's MY job!"
he introduces me to Cardinal O'Connor
who asks me
to hook him up
with a job
as a male prostitute.
when I ask why
he says he always wanted
to make people
pay for their sins.

a palindrome

I, AM GOD : DOGMA, I

—John Schindler

Dysfunctional Fables

THE FOX AND THE WOLF

By Rachel S. Wexelbaum
for those who think globally and act locally

Once again in Holland, a dam was nearly bursting. This time, unfortunately, there was no good little Dutch boy around to plug up the leak with his thumb. All of the children were either in school or beating up foreigners in the streets, too preoccupied to remember their civic duty.

So who remembers the right thing to do in times of emergency? That's right—the animals! Those creatures with no morals or responsibilities whatsoever will save the day every time. When it comes to danger, animals often have more common sense than their human neighbors and will help themselves—or at least try to find someone who can help them.

Wild foxes now thrive as rat-catchers and scavengers in many European cities. Few humans ever see them, for the foxes are shy and secretive about their ways. If a human ever sees a fox in the city under a full moon, and their eyes meet, the fox must give up his three most treasured secrets to the human. Tradition dictates that afterward, he must leave vulpine society forever as he has shamed his people by allowing himself to be seen. Foxes have been known to jump in gas furnaces to escape their burning shame. Then their bodies will never be seen again, and all will right itself in the afterlife.

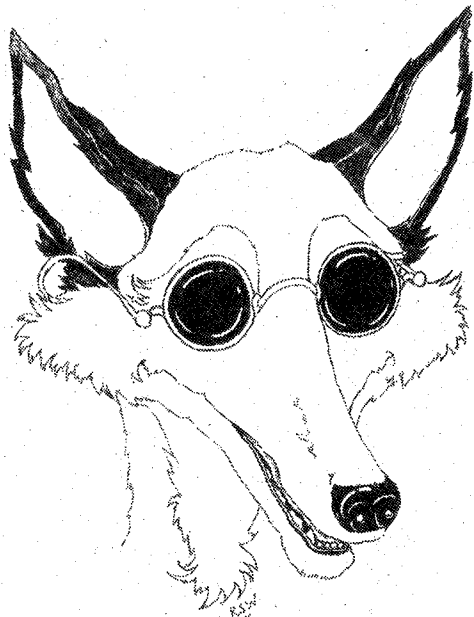
This is why city foxes wear dark glasses and black trenchcoats no matter where they go...

One morning a fox was slinking down the main avenue of town, contemplating the purchase of a brownie. He rustled through his pocket for a few guilders and snuck into a bakery. When Fox came out with a bag full of warm steaming baked goods he decided to eat them in the park. It was perfect weather for foxes—clear skies and clean, crisp autumn air.

As Fox delicately nibbled his brownies he saw humans running pell-mell in and out of the park. At first he thought it was due to the mild hallucinogenic properties of his breakfast. Then he heard, "Hurry!

The water will flood the art galleries!"

Fox lived underneath the galleries. If the galleries flooded, it meant that his burrow would be destroyed! Not only that but the flood would destroy the lives of many artists as well, and they would have to leave.



That would mean that there would not be an artist's district in the small town anymore and it would revert back to an inconsequential, provincial cheese-making village. Humans would return to their old habits—like hunting foxes—because there would be no more outspoken bohemians laughing at their neighbors' barbaric traditions. For these reasons (as well as his love for the arts) Fox decided to help the humans mend the dam.

Wolves have a nasty reputation in Europe for invading small towns when catastrophe strikes. Although wolves have not pillaged a village since the Industrial Revolution, a handful of senior citizens reminisce every year at the International Wolves' Convention in Berlin. One wolf named Adolphe von Wolfenhausen suggested to his comrades that they plan one last attack on an isolated village, for old time's sake. His comrades vehemently refused. "We did not attack those humans for fun!" they shouted angrily. "It was in the days when everyone was starving and we had to live as we could. Now game is plentiful—why risk getting shot in our old age? Why should our grandchildren suffer for what we have done?"

"It is an ancient struggle between man and nature," von Wolfenhausen explained. "Humans think they are strong with their guns, their technology. Without those things they are our inferiors, and the balance of power must be maintained. We cannot let them think that they have won!"

Unlike the other wolves, von Wolfenhausen had developed a taste for human flesh. He saw humans as weak, stupid and cowardly, which justified their elimination. The other wolves did not hold these species-supremacist attitudes and excommunicated von Wolfenhausen from the global pack. Now a true lone wolf, he decided to wander Europe looking for defenseless, unorganized humans to prey upon.

He found the small Dutch town in a state of emergency, and his mouth watered. Von Wolfenhausen distracted the militia, crawled under the police barriers and ran straight to the scene of the action. Hundreds of townspeople were working side by side trying to hold back the dam, and they were far too busy to notice the grizzled gray wolf. Von Wolfenhausen, however, noticed one citizen with a bushy red tail sticking out of his trenchcoat...

Mane bristling, von Wolfenhausen stalked Fox and began to question him. "Traitor!" he spat. "Skulking sneak! How could you help the humans who have hunted your people mercilessly for centuries?"

"I live under their homes," he said simply. "My burrow will be flooded before theirs if the dam bursts."

"Live with me," swore the wolf, "and you shall never have to lower yourself to depend on humans again."

"Thank you, Brother Wolf, but there is nothing you can offer me that I do not have right here," refused Fox politely. "I have lived here all my life, and this is my home. Now, if you are not willing to grab some mud and help patch up the little holes I suggest you leave and not make trouble."

Von Wolfenhausen began to limp away, then turned around and pounced upon Fox, ripping off his trenchcoat. "Look, everyone!" he shouted. "A fox is in our midst! How rare his red-skinned folk are nowadays!"

Of course, all everyone saw was the wolf. Fox kept his eyes shut tight to maintain the honor of foxes while the police bludgeoned Adolphe von Wolfenhausen over the head for attacking an innocent citizen.

MORAL: To give a dam(n) about the place you live in makes you a citizen.

MORE IMPORTANTLY:

A racist's hate is a boomerang—if thrown at innocent people, the hate will return right in their face.

The Alternative Cinema Spring 1994:

On Narrative Fragmentation and its Multiple Forms

In addition, before selected films there will be several Warner Brothers cartoons (to be announced).

March 15 La vie de bohème

Shot in glorious black & white, La vie de bohème is a series of beautifully composed shots which reveal small details in the life of a band of luckless Parisian bohemians. Based on the 19th century novel, Scènes de la vie de bohème, that inspired the exquisite Puccini opera, this film is Kaurismäki's most ambitious and accessible production to date.

1992, 100 min., b/w, Finland/France. French with English subtitles.

March 22 Mirror

In this successor to his science fiction classic Solaris, the late Andrei Tarkovsky turns autobiographical. The film juxtaposes nostalgic visions of the director's childhood in war-torn exile with stunning slow-motion dream sequences and stark WWII newsreels, in an oblique, keenly-poetic and highly personal approach

which finds no equal in world cinema.

1975, 106 minutes, color/b/w, U.S.S.R. Russian with English subtitles.

April 5 Delicatessen

Set in dreary tenement in post-apocalyptic Paris, Delicatessen chronicles the attempt of a desperate local butcher to satisfy his carnivorous customers. Complete with Rude Goldberg contraptions, retro-futuristic sets and clever gadgets, it depicts a bizarre world where brutal practicality and fragile humanity are constantly at odds.

Cast: Marie-Laure Dougnac, Dominique Pignon, Karin Viard, Jean Claude Dreyfus.

1991, 95 minutes, color, France. French with English subtitles.

April 12 The Conformist

April 19 Poison

April 22 The Last Picture Show

Alvin Ailey Dances at Staller

By Aaron Swartz

Have you ever met a person buzzing with such a joyful noise that you start buzzing too? This was the situation at Saturday night's Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater performance when the intensity of the Ailey dancers broke free of their bodies and came crashing past the proscenium, injecting itself into the body of the audience.

The 31-member company is currently on their 35th anniversary tour, making stops all across the United States, including a sold-out performance at the University at Stony Brook. The evening began with two new works by guest choreographers, "The Winter in Lisbon," a tribute to jazz great Dizzy Gillespie, choreographed by Billy Wilson and "Dance at the Gym," choreographed by Donald Byrd, and closed with the timeless work, "Revelations," choreographed by Alvin Ailey.

In the nurturing hands of Judith Jamison, Artistic Director and former Alvin Ailey member, the company looked tight, polished and disciplined. Yet, the uniformity and collective artistry didn't come at the cost of maintaining each dancer's individuality. Instead, Alvin Ailey is a company of diverse talents and personali-

ties who separately form the whole.

The evening flew by as good things usually do. "The Winter in Lisbon" had elegant spice as the dancers slithered across the stage, enticing each other into fiery ensemble work full of shimmying torsos, split

leaps, and high kicks. One of the piece's highlights, a passionate *pas de deux*, confirmed that half the fun is the process of seduction. When she blows him a kiss at the end of their dance, and he catches it, both partners know they'll meet again because the game has just begun.

"Dance at the Gym" was a feverish battle between the sexes danced to hypnotic synthesized sounds. The men versus women theme which ended in a harmonious pairing off of couples seemed to say that unity and separation walk hand in hand, there can't be one without the other.

The evening climaxed with Mr. Ailey's "Revelations," danced to traditional African-American spirituals. Through "Revelations," the Alvin Ailey dancers exploded into the style of moving that can only be described as "pure Ailey." Every muscle and limb vibrates and moves, undulating, stretching and twisting through space.

The impact "Revelations" had on the house was truly intense. It was when the relatively quiet audience was whipped into a frenzy of applause and cheers that I realized what a gift we were given that night: The Alvin Ailey dancers enabled us to feel the heart-pounding, hand-clapping excitement of movement. What an unforgettable feeling!



Toni Pierce of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre.

Head Down to the Superunknown

By Scott J. Lusby

Recently, I had an interesting conversation with one of my roommates regarding Soundgarden. When told that I was going to be reviewing their new release, Superunknown, he asked, "Why don't you just listen to Black Sabbath? It's all the same music."

Given that my roommate is a musician (and presumably has some expertise regarding musical matters), I began to ponder this question. Soundgarden is probably my favorite band around today; Black Sabbath was one of my early favorites. What's the difference? All of the old criticisms of Soundgarden, that they are just "a more intelligent heavy metal band" (a la Queensryche) came rushing back into my thoughts. I knew there was a difference; I just had to pinpoint it.

The difference can be found in Superunknown. It manifests itself in the album's ambiguity. Throughout the 15-track, 70+ minute LP, the listener is taken from one end of the musical spectrum to the other. There are the heavy, droning, beat-you-into-submission songs that made Soundgarden an underground household name, such as "Let Me Drown" and "4th of July." There is a ballad in the flavor of the Beatles, entitled "Black Hole Sun." There are swirling, psychedelic numbers such as "My Wave." And there are songs with a funky-type of groove to them, such as the single "Spoonman." Indeed, with all of these different styles contained in one album, it becomes hard to define Soundgarden as belonging to any particular musical category.

This ambiguity is not only apparent in Superunknown's diversity of style, but within the songs themselves; "My Wave" speaks of "sharing" while at the same time, in its own chorus, orders the listener to "keep off of my wave." The musical composition on this track reflects these conflicting senti-

ments; starting with a "free" psychedelia, then pounding you with a dark, constricted chorus. Further evidence of the album's ambiguity can be found in the title cut, "Superunknown." Here, lead vocalist Chris Cornell croons, "If this isn't what you see/it doesn't make you blind/If this doesn't make you feel/it doesn't mean you've died." These lyrics parallel the gray, undefinable area that is Soundgarden's music.

Cornell continues to do the bulk of the writing, both lyrics and music. He is at his best on Superunknown; his dark, foreboding lyrics and music in topics from nuclear devastation in "4th of July" to environmental devastation in "Fell On Black Days." Yet even in these depressing compositions, no feeling of finality is felt; Cornell's lyrics, no matter how dark, still contain some gray areas. His message isn't "these things are going to happen," but rather, "if we're not careful, these things will happen."

Superunknown is chock full of fantastic music. The album's high point is "Fell On Black Days," with "Kickstart" (which has 'get down boogie' written all over it), "Mailman" and "Let Me Drown" following closely. Drummer Matt Cameron shows his mastery of syncopation in "Spoonman," and even pitches in with some writing on "Fresh Thorns." Bassist Ben Shepherd contributes "Head Down" and "Half" to the album's repertoire. Yet it is Cornell's songs, complemented by Kim Thayil's versatile guitar work, that are Superunknown's strongest efforts. Cornell has the uncanny knack for extracting powerful emotions from the listener, and it is, in part, because of this

talent that Superunknown succeeds.

What finally pushes Superunknown over the top into ultimate success is its ambiguity; there is something for everyone on it. Whether you are a Beatles fan, a Led Zeppelin freak or a Black Sabbath worshipper, there is something to your liking on Superunknown. Even my father, "Mr. Doo-op Shop" himself, may even enjoy a track or two (he does like the Stones, after all).

For myself, I enjoyed every song; the versatility of the album appeals to me. This CD will immediately fall into heavy rotation in my musical library.

